

# THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

RENSSELAER, INDIANA.

---

---

VOL. IX.

FEBRUARY, 1903.

NO. 5.

---

---

## SNOW-FLAKES.

---

Down from their cloudy mansion  
The snowy flakes descend;  
Lo! hundreds, thousands, millions,  
Their number will not end.  
Though summer's joys have vanished,  
And roses died away,  
The work of Nature smileth  
E'en on a wintry day.  
Count but these dancing snow-flakes  
As silently they fall;  
They tell a tale of wonder,  
Of gladness to us all.  
"We come from God, your Father,  
He greets His children dear;  
His love for you is boundless—  
Sad heart, now dry thy tear."

XAVIER J. JAEGER, '03..



CORDELIA.

---

WHEN we read Shakespeare we cannot but be impressed by the grandeur and realism of his character creations. He clothes the king in his royal robes and jewels with as much ease and grace as the beggar in his rags. Into his characters he has infused that vivacity of spirit, which is so essential for the successful rendition of the drama. Both in his masculine and feminine characters he excels, but it is especially in the latter that he is truly at his best. No dramatist has ever given us a grander or more vivid picture of the ideal woman than this great genius.

When we read the Merchant of Venice we are wrapt in admiration in the fearless character of a Portia; as we peruse a Henry VIII. we know not which to esteem most, in the character of Queen Catherine, her constant fidelity to her faithless lord, or her sublime humility and modesty. But when we have concluded the tragedy King Lear, we are at a loss to express the charm and fascination which we feel for the fair Cordelia, the royal Cinderella.

In her, Shakespeare has combined all those noble qualities which are found only in an idealistic creation. She is almost too ethereal to be human, and a conception of her can only be found in the imagination. In her character was found that assemblage of graces that go to make the woman beautiful. She was morally and physically beautiful, being the fairest of the royal daughters.

Duty was her god and truth her goddess; to these she offered her homage and devotion.

Her humility and modesty we already perceive in the first act when after listening to the artful flattery of her sister Goneril to the king, Cordelia turns aside and murmurs:

“What shall Cordelia do? Love and be silent.”

In the same scene, when Lear after hearing his two elder daughters' speech, turns to Cordelia and bids her express her love for him; she responds:

“Good, my liege,  
You have begot me, bred me, lov'd me; I  
Return these duties back as are right fit;  
Obey you, love you, and most honor you.”

Here, no doubt, wishing to open the eyes of her father to the deceit and flattery of her sisters, she continues:

“Why have my sisters husbands, if they say  
They love you?

\* \* \* \* \*

I shall never marry like my sisters,  
To love my father all.”

Truly, noble sentiments imbued with a deep sense of duty, to which our heroine was ever obedient. How wounded must have been this loyal heart when Lear, her idolized father, angrily rebukes her for her lack of filial devotion in which she was never found wanting.

She gives us a fine example of her womanly dignity in the passage where she replies with scorn to her Burgundian suitor who rejects her dowerless hand:

“Peace be with Burgundy:

Since that respects of fortune are his love,

I will not be his wife.”

But what a contrast is her love and confidence, when she accepts the heart and home of the faithful France, who, overjoyed at possessing such a priceless treasure, exclaims:

“Fairest Cordelia, thou art most rich, being poor,

Most choice, forsaken, and most lov’d, despised!

Thee and thy virtues, I seize upon.”

Truly, what Lear has lost, France has gained. With sorrow Cordelia beholds her father depart from her without a last farewell, but when she remembers the wrongs inflicted on her by malevolent sisters, she turns to them almost angrily and says:

“Ye jewels of our father....I know you what you are;  
Love well our father to your professed bosom I admit him;

But yet, alas, stood I within his grace,

I would wish him to a better place.

Well may you prosper.

Farewell!”

And so Cordelia with drooping spirits departs to the sunny shores of France, her new home.

Years pass but Cordelia displays the same admirable virtues as wife which ever adorned her filial love and devotion. She was no doubt always informed of the shameful treatment which her royal father received at the hands of his unnatural daughters, for she at last persuades France to declare war upon England in order to rescue her father and restore his royal rights. When she discovers her father’s insanity, her grief knows no bounds, and with her own tender hands she



nursed him back to health and strength. She certainly loved her royal liege and more than once she cries aloud in her agony:

“All blessed secrets,  
All ye unpublished virtues of the earth,  
Spring with my tears! be ardent and remediate  
In the good man’s distress.”

But fate had decreed otherwise. France lost the battle and Cordelia and her royal sire were taken prisoners. But no murmur of complaint escapes her lips. With resignation she bears her lot and comforts her father, saying:

“We are not the first,  
Who, with best meaning, have incurr’d the worst.”

All her pity and love she lavishes on Lear, reserving none for herself. She was treated most inhumanly by her sisters, but never once does she give way to sorrow or despair. She has fulfilled her duty and she is content. By her sisters’ order she is executed, but she had lived long enough to realize the object of her life, the return of her father’s love for his youngest child—the fair and noble Cordelia.

W. T. FLAHERTY, '04.



THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS.

---

THE "wonderful" Dream of Gerontius, as it is so justly styled by O. L. Jenkins, has a not less wonderful history, and a history which is so closely connected with the work that the latter cannot be duly appreciated without at least a general knowledge of the former. Although our search after the particulars concerning this history has been a failure, we will nevertheless try to interest our reader with the slender information obtained by hearsay. An intimate friend of Card. Newman, we are told, was haunted with the fear of death, and judgment, and eternity. Moved with pity for his sorrowful state of mind, the zealous priest determined to compose a poem, which would dispel the black clouds that overshadowed his friend's soul. The Dream of Gerontius was thus given to the world, a work whose mission was more than ordinarily successful.

The poem itself may be viewed from two different standpoints: as a religious composition, and as a literary production.

As a religious poem its mission is perceptible on nearly every page. The author divests death of the terror that enshrouds his form; he alleviates the fearful uncertainty attending judgment, which weighs down the hearts of men in general, and oppressed that of his friend in particular.

Studying the disposition of 'Gerontius' soul, we discover that his feelings are at their lowest ebb on his deathbed, though despair is always foreign to his mind.

“Pray for me, O my friends; a visitant  
Is knocking his dire summons at my door,  
The like of whom, to scare me and to daunt,  
Has never, never come to me before;  
'Tis death,—O loving friends, your prayers!—'tis he!’—

Already before he dies he overcomes this fear  
with manly resignation and confidence in the mercy  
of his Judge.

“And I take with joy whatever  
Now besets me, pain or fear,  
And with a strong will I sever  
All the ties which bind me here.

Sanctus fortis, Sanctus Deus,  
De profundis oro te,  
Miserere, Judex meus,  
Mortis in discrimine.”

When the soul of Gerontius has loosened herself from the shackles of her mortal enclosure, though she is much “refreshed” with “a strange refreshment,” though she has no terror at being “clasped by such a saintliness” as an angel, she retains that awe for spiritual beings, so characteristic to man. This we infer from her own words:

“I will address him. Mighty one, my Lord,  
My Guardian Spirit, all hail!”

It requires, as it were, an overcoming of her natural inclinations, this addressing of her guardian angel. Yet is the reply such as we would expect from that “Mighty One,” that “Lord” which the Soul pictures to herself? No. The answer is soothing and mild, it refreshes and sinks on her being like the dew-drops’ gentle fall on thirsting flowers at the midday of summer-tide.

“All hail, my child!  
My child and brother, hail! what wouldst thou?”

Words so kind and loving could only be productive of confidence, and thus it effects the soul of Gerontius. Him, whom she now addresses as "Mighty One," she soon designates with the greatest confidence as her "Dear Angel!"

While hurrying with "extremest speed" to the judgment-seat, the fear for this terrible tribunal likewise leaves her.

"Dear Angel, say,  
Why have I now no fear at meeting Him?  
Along my earthly life the thought of death  
And judgment was to me most terrible.  
I saw it aye before me, and I saw  
The Judge severe e'en in the Crucifix."

Nay, when the sentence of purgatorial punishment is passed upon her, she longs for that punishment! Prostrated by the splendor of the Almighty Judge, pierced with darts of divine love, she exclaims:—

"Take me away, and in the lowest deep  
There let me be,  
And there in hope the lone night—watches keep,  
Told out for me.  
Take me away,  
That sooner I may rise, and go above,  
And see Him in the truth of everlasting day."

And forsooth where is the terror in Purgatory, if it be such as the Angel describes it!

"Now let the golden prison ope its gates,  
Making sweet music, as each fold revolves  
Upon its ready hinge."

With what love the Angel finally departs from his dearly ransomed soul!

"Farewell, but not forever! brother dear,  
Be brave and patient on thy bed of sorrow;



Swiftly shall pass thy night of trial here,  
And I will come and wake thee on the morrow."

Thus we find that the feelings of Gerontius are ever being purged 'till by gradual crescents they become noble, pure, and god-like. Gerontius is always full of hope and confidence; yet when he faces the reality of his expectations, he discovers that he has hoped for too little and that his confidence has been too small. At last an insuperable desire carries him on toward objects which his imagination had pictured to be only appalling. Are we surprised that such a description of death and eternity should have pacified a troubled soul?

Perhaps there is no poem in all literature of similar length that has so universally affected the minds of readers as the *Dream of Gerontius*. Literate and illiterate, lovers of poetry and the veteran espousers of prose—all appreciate this work of Card. Newman. The reasons that may be alleged in explanation can, we believe, be summed up in the following:

Death and judgment are themes which command the interest of every man, and their remembrance has always a mysterious effect. The author, moreover, in consequence of his vocation in life was offered numerous occasions to witness the various states of the dying, and his deep mind following them after death and meditating upon their conditions in eternity, was able to paint death and judgment in such natural colors as any genius of equal power. But the principal reason to account for the singular effect of the poem is the author's simplicity and sincerity, which are the

tests of lyrical poetry. If we are at all justified to call this work of Card. Newman a poem, it certainly is chiefly lyrical, though it may have some characteristics of the epic. These feelings of sincerity are the crystalized thoughts of genius, of genius exalted to its highest capabilities by religion. It is the soul of Card. Newman that is pouring its greatness upon us untrammelled by poetical ostentation. Who will not bow beneath it?

Having thus briefly reviewed the *Dream of Gerontius* as a religious work, we will now consider it from a purely literary stand-point. The characteristics of the poem discussed in the first part of the essay are in fact sufficient to prove that the writer was an artist in literature. However, to these some others, equally demonstrative of this truth, can be added.

Spirits are substances which cannot be perceived by our senses, hence they cannot form the object of an idea in our mind and cannot be described by any pen. To make them tangible they must, as it were, become men, must be endowed with a partially material nature. Judging from expressions such as these:—"The soul was hurrying with extremest speed to the just and holy Judge", "House of Judgment", "penal waters" and others, we conclude that the spiritual world as it occurs in the *Dream of Gerontius* is presented materially.

Among the several poets whose themes are placed in the realms of the immaterial, Milton and Dante may be mentioned as two of the most prominent. Like Newman, both have been obliged to clothe their spirits with matter. Milton, however, is

censured for having blended these two opposite natures, and Dante's material treatment of his subject is only tolerated, because it is necessary and because he has at least preserved consistency. We always know that matter cannot be spiritual. But Card. Newman is more than consistent, he is true to nature, because his work is a "dream." Milton's and Dante's creations were intended by their authors to stand for realities, and this presentation by a mortal is always intrinsically defective. But Newman's spirits knew existence only with reference to the imagination of Gerontius, and since no mortal can describe immaterial objects, it became, as it were, obligatory on our author to depict the spiritual as material, for Gerontius is a mortal. Nevertheless we are justified to inquire whether the Dream of Gerontius approaches the spiritual as closely as a mortal is able to approach. This we answer in the affirmative.

A very singular characteristic of the Soul (of Gerontius) is, that, when quitting her body, she becomes "blind." Why should she lose "that princely sense," yet retain all the others? The Angel answers the Soul's inquiry after its causes in these words:—

"Nor touch, nor taste, nor hearing hast thou now:  
Thou livest in a world of signs and types."

But why this strange sensation of being blind? To explain this, her Guardian Spirit again tells her:—

"..... till that Beatific Vision, thou art blind;  
For e'en thy purgatory, which comes like fire,  
Is fire without its light."



These explanations are very plausible, and sufficient to satisfy the curiosity of the reader, which, the author felt assured, would naturally be excited. They are satisfactory for the poem. But the true explanation seems to us a different one and these to be only necessary inventions. Sight in the Soul would have occasioned much useless description, because she would have asked an explanation for many facts which are now totally unperceived. The more Card. Newman would have indulged in description, the more material, and hence the more imperfect, the work would have become, presupposing even that he would not have introduced similar absurdities as Milton had done. But now the spiritual is veiled in mysterious uncertainty and, instead of derogating from the value of the work, heightens its sublimity. Description, however pleasing it may be in the epic, could in the Dream of Gerontius only have hampered the solemn flow of feeling and thus have destroyed the effect and success of the poem.

Not less curious than the blindness of the Soul are her "doubts" when separated from the body. We cannot justly suppose that the human soul after quitting this life should be uncertain in what world she is residing, and hence these "doubts" described in Card. Newman's work may be rashly declared absurd. Their justification again lies in the fact that they occur in a dream. The Soul knows that death must send her into the spiritual world, yet, being still enclosed in the body, the objects of her ideas are material. Doubts are a natural consequence.



Finally, what remains to be considered is the "time" during which the Dream of Gerontius is supposed to take place. Already several long monologues have been pronounced by the Angel and the Soul, when the former thus speaks to the latter:—

“Divide a moment, as men measure time,  
Into its million million-millionth part,  
Yet even less than that the interval  
Since thou didst leave the body; and the priest  
Cried: “Subvenite”, and they fell to prayer;  
Nay, scarcely yet have they begun to pray.”

The duration of the work, therefore, is not to extend over a longer period than what we conceive by a “moment”. A very grand, and, we think, a correct idea. What action of equal length has ever been described to occur in a moment?

However, the quotation likewise contains a contradiction. If only a “million-million-millionth part” of a moment elapsed since her disembodiment, how could the priest pronounce the word “Subvenite” which ordinarily requires more than a second? How could the friends of Gerontius fall to prayer, and even finish part of their prayer? This is a mistake which certainly does not destroy the merit of the poem as a whole, and may escape the general reader, nevertheless it is a mistake.

The author, it is true, could not have truthfully referred to proceedings on earth without falling into ridiculous minuteness, and this may seem to excuse the passage. Thus, if the Angel would have told the Soul in this part of the poem: “The priest only commences to pronounce “sub” and at the end of the poem, now he said “te”, this

would only evoke laughter. But the author should never have alluded to actions occurring in time after his scenes were placed in eternity, and the error would have been avoided.

“Divide a moment, as men measure time,  
Into its million-million-millionth part,  
Yet even less than that the interval  
Since thou didst leave the body.”

This is a sublime thought, because it only *compares* eternity with time, but the other lines quoted before, use the one in place of the other, and this must result in contradiction, because the two terms are intrinsically opposed.

The language in the Dream of Gerontius is simple. but select. The variety of scenes and thoughts, the arrangement of the whole as well as its parts, is truly admirable. A sublime, mysterious tone pervades the entire work, a tone that cannot fail to impress the reader, and to invite to a second perusal.

ALEXIUS A. SCHUETTE, '03.

---

#### THE FATHER OF OUR COUNTRY.

---

High in the galaxy of fame  
There beams in light a glorious name:  
George Washington!  
And every true American  
Pays honor's tribute, all he can  
To such a brave and noble man,  
As Washington.

Behold him at the nation's helm!  
The stormy billows overwhelm  
Fair Freedom's bark.  
Though he the threat'ning thunder hears,  
His heart is never touched by fears,  
Her safely through the main he steers.  
"Progress!"—His mark.

Behold the lion in the fight!  
He smites the foe with cruel might.  
The great! The brave!  
For Freedom's holy rights he bled;  
For Justice's sake his blade was red;  
For God and home he armies led  
Freedom to save.

Behold the quiet citizen,  
Endearing more than other men,  
Champion of truth!  
All to his heart had free access;  
He none could see in want, distress,  
But he must help; and God did bless  
His life, forsooth!

Him, the beloved of the land  
We honor while with honest hand  
We shield our right.  
We honor best his memory,  
When we with joy, and willingly,  
Give blood, and life for liberty  
In bloody fight. A Patriot.

---

THE HEROINE ON NO. 48.

---

THE sun has run another course through the azure heavens, and once again the west is decked with gold and crimson.

It was the fifth night of the great railroad strike at R.... By this time the mob had been excited to such a degree of disorder that the police and deputies were unable to quiet the uprising.

In a mass-meeting held that afternoon, the leaders prevailed upon the strikers to seize upon the person of Mr. Tompson, the general manager. Ten o'clock was the time appointed for the abduction.

Mr. Tompson, learning of the step, was greatly alarmed. However, he and his secretary James O'Neil, had decided to take up their position in the depot. On their arrival they attempted to reach Q.... by wire, but were unable to do so, as the wires had been cut by the infuriated strikers.

James had during all this time remained inactive, and as Mr. Tompson turned to him, his countenance was of a deadly pallor. At last James exclaims with all the agony of soul, "My God, we are trapped in this miserable hole, and Ladorna is at the mercy of the mob!"

Ladorna was the only daughter of Mr. Tompson and the affiancée of James.

Her father quickly explained to James that Betsy, the young wife of Pat Regan, had called that afternoon and induced Ladorna to accompany her home. She said that she was afraid the strikers were about to do something desperate, as Pat



had made a few remarks to that effect at the dinner table, she also assured Mr. Thompson that she could keep Ladorna's whereabouts a secret. This explanation greatly consoled James.

Mr. Thompson and James had not been in the depot very long when a small number of the strikers began to assemble in the neighborhood, casting hostile glances towards the depot and muttering vile curses.

The intention of the mob was quite evident, and the manager and his secretary began to put the little station room in a condition to withstand an assault. They rolled in the heavy boxes from the freight room and barricaded the window and doors. When everything was put in readiness and their pistols examined they sat down, lighted their cigars and patiently awaited the attack.

Pat returned home about seven o'clock for a little supper, and during the meal related to his wife the program of the evening. A jolly good time would be enjoyed until ten o'clock, then they would seize Mr. Thompson and torture him in a truly Indian manner until he would consent to the terms of the strikers. There was no fear whatever of being deterred in their plans as all the wires leading from the town were cut and the local authorities were powerless.

When Pat went to join his comrades, Betsy informed Ladorna of those in peril. Both endeavored to conceive a plan by which the besieged might be released. If word could only be sent to Q . . . ., thirty miles south, all might be well.

A happy idea struck Ladorna. She told Betsy

that she alone would run No. 48 to Q . . . . for help.

The strikers always kept engine No. 48 in readiness to run at any time.

To think was to act. She had often ridden with her father in the engine when he would resign his more comfortable Pullman for the cab of the swaying engine. She knew how to start and stop the fiery horse, and this was all she needed to-night. Silently both women approached the engine; while Ladorna climbed into the cab, Betsy went to open the switch. The old engineer had just replenished the fire and had returned to his companions in a nearby saloon.

Ladorna glances along the boiler. The headlight is lit, but little does she care for that, as she will have very little time to watch the track. A good pressure of steam is on and she patiently waits for the signal from Betsy. At last it comes, and slowly at first the wheels turn, but now No. 48 is off on its wild race controlled by the gentle hand of a woman. As she runs on the main track she waves her handkerchief to Betsy who closes the switch and cautiously returns homeward. The strikers stand in open-mouthed amazement as they gaze upon the vanishing engine.

Mile after mile is passed as the engine flies on its wild course, now through dense woods, now through fertile prairies over high trestles and around deep curves under the care of a girl, who is fighting for all she loves. Never before had No. 48 made such a sensational run. Its swaying to and fro was as little heeded by the fair engineer as the swinging of her hammock at home. The

loud rumbling noise as they flew over trestles only caused a thrill of terror to pass through her breast. As the moon casts her silvery beams through the cab window, they fall upon the pale face of Ladorna and add to the already deadly paleness.

As she bends her slender body to the task of replenishing the fire, the muscles of her tender arms are brought to their utmost exertion. Now and then she casts hurried glances along the boiler as she pauses to catch her breath. At last the twinkling lights of Q.... are seen in the distance. Climbing up in the seat, she pulls the rope and a shrill blast from the whistle breaks the stillness of the night.

The citizens of Q.... are greatly surprised, for no train had arrived from the north since the strike. Ladorna brings the engine to a standstill at the depot. The crowd of men, women, and children gaze at the engine wonderingly, but imagine their amazement when the fair engineer springs from the cab onto the platform.

The strain on her nerves has been too intense, and uttering, "Strikers—father's life—militia," she swoons and is supported by the arms of station agent Dalley, who recognizes her immediately.

He understands the situation at once and resigns Ladorna to his wife, who like many others has been attracted to the depot by the shrill whistle. He turns to Mike Jennings and instructs him to run the engine to the round-house and hook on two coaches and be at the depot as soon as possible.



Lieutenant Perkins is also present and stated that he could have his company ready in half an hour, but could not act without the permission of the governor. Dalley dispatches the state of affairs to the governor and Perkins returns to the armory.

In the course of half an hour the returns from the governor are received in which the militia is ordered to R..... Dalley springs to the 'phone and rings up the armory; "Governor says 'yes'—hurry—Mike is waiting," "Will be there directly," is the reply.

A few minutes elapse, then the militia is heard coming down the street at a "double quick."

Ladorna in the meantime has been revived by some cordials administered by Mrs. Dalley. Although quite weak and nervous, she is determined to return with the train and Dalley offers to see her home safe.

Mike blows his whistle and the citizens of Q.... ring out cheer after cheer as No. 48 starts on its return trip of rescue.

Meanwhile a much different scene is enacted at R..... The strikers are well aware that No. 48 bears a messenger for help and are determined not to be baffled in their undertaking. Assembling much before the appointed time, they begin the attack.

Mr. Tompson and James fearful as to the outcome, direct a few well aimed shots at the assailants. The mob is greatly surprised by the sound of fire arms, and the sight of a number of wounded companions cause them to retreat and hold a council of war.



A long interval transpires and the besieged begin to think they will be molested no more that night. But they are disappointed, for at last the mob rushes towards the depot. At this juncture No. 48 rolls into the station. A volley from the militia fired into the air is sufficient to disperse the enraged mob.

The besieged now rush from their stronghold and as Ladorna steps from the train, she is clasped in the arms of her lover, while Mr. Thompson with tears in his eyes grasps the hand of Lieutenant Perkins and fervently exclaims, "Thank God!"

ALBERT A. MCGILL, '04.

---

TIME.

We all know well that rivers flow  
Not backward to their sources ;  
That old age lacks, we also know,  
Strong manhood's vital forces.  
We know the time will ne'er come back  
When once it has departed :  
It leaves a melancholy track  
For us, sad, broken-hearted.

We often lift with eager eye  
The Past's veil, dark and gloomy ;  
We see her face—we sob and sigh—  
Our childhood's precious mummy !  
The time of merry youth has fled,  
Our life becomes more real ;  
The joys of childhood, they lie dead,  
We have a new ideal.

Still, when by grief and wrong opprest,  
Youth's spring-tide we remember,  
We breathe within our weary breast  
Aflame the dying ember.

M. B. K.

## MUSINGS ON MARS.

---

ON the 8th of December 1900 the Central Telegraph Office at Kiel in Germany received the following cablegram from Cambridge, Mass:—Douglas Lowell Observatory telegraphs: “Last night the projection of Mare Icarium lasted seventy minutes.—Pickering.”—This projection of light caused a great stir. The newspaper, ever ready to find news, treated the phenomenon in all its details. Once more the proposition of the past century was advanced: “That the Mars-inhabitants were contriving to express their desire of communication with the inhabitants of their respective morning and evening star, and that they signalized us by luminous designs, such as triangles, squares, etc.” Very soon similar ideas were advanced even by eminent scientists, as Lowell and Schiaparelli.

Such ideas were however not entirely new. For ever since Copernicus dethroned mother Earth as the queen of the universe, the minds of the sages have been inclined to believe also other planets inhabited. And indeed, if we reflect what insignificant particle our earth is in relation to the immensity of the universe, such ideas can hardly be termed absurd.

Yet, although Mars is known as the most earth-like planet, its habitability for beings of a nature similar to ours must be doubted severely.

Those maintaining that it not only *might be* inhabited but in fact *is* inhabited, base their argument on the so-called “canals” discovered by

Schiaparelli. Studying this phenomenon, is it surprising that we should ask how these structures came into existence? The thoughtless and "the man that knows all about it" immediately declares them artificial water-ways constructed by the inhabitants of Mars for irrigation of the land, since the absorption of water on that planet has already far progressed. Micrometric measurements however indicate that many of these canals are 2000 miles in length and 20-70 miles in breadth! Now if these should be the work of Mars-inhabitants, the adaptability of these creatures must be a very great one, for often these canals extend from the equator almost to the poles.

And what shall we say of the engineering of such perfectly straight canals in comparison to which the Suez-Canal and even our future Panama Canal are mere playthings? The difficulty grows if we take into consideration the immense work it took the sages of physiology to establish on a sound basis the diversified play of forces within *our* bodily frame. Take for example only the circulation of the blood; what an amount of weight there is to be overcome; what energy of the heart-muscles to be required; in what manner does the capillarity of the veins act, etc.? We have but recently learned to understand what amount of food is required to maintain this energy. Little indeed is our knowledge of earthly things, but how is it in regards to Mars? If we imagine gravity double, double lifting energy, another air with different pressure, seasons doubly as long as ours, extremes of temperature, a climate more pronounced! What



epidermal system shall we attribute to the "Marsites," since the scientists do not agree whether Mars' air is drier than ours or moister? What osseous frame will be able to balance the changed gravity and the unchanged molecular forces? What form of nutrition can we assume, since we are ignorant whether the "polar snow melts into water or into fluid carbonic acid?

Considering all this, we must come to the conclusion that no beings similar to man people that planet. Even Lowell, though an advocate of the "Canal-theory," admits that life on Mars would be encountered by many "severe discomforts," proving thereby that life could not be perpetuated.

Whatever new revelations future investigations may bring, they will hardly ever prove the "canals" to be artificial water-ways constructed by ingenious creatures.

It may be mentioned that the habitability was and is upheld by great minds, but we also may mention Cicero's saying: "There is nothing so absurd, that it would not have been maintained by some philosopher." E. J. Flaig, '03.

---

## ITALY'S LAUREATE.

---

### HIS WORK AS A POET.

"Let me make the songs of a nation  
and I care not who makes its laws."

**I**NDIVIDUALITY was Dante's prime characteristic. As in his life and labors he stood alone in his time, apart from the scrambling machinations of party-politicians and money-hoarders,



so too, in his literary productions he stands pre-eminently alone, occupying himself with himself and the spirit of the age. His works are the reflection of his own career: the man of justice and patriotism, groaning beneath the lash of injustice, rebellion and party-hypocrisy.

To understand well Dante's writings, it is necessary, first of all, to know and comprehend, in their full meaning, the principal historical events that brought sorrow or joy to the exiled poet. From his birth to his death, deeds of violence, rapine and blood were superabundant; these tragic facts could not fail to make a lasting, repulsive impression on Dante's melancholy temperament: to this many of the sublimest passages of his works give incontrovertible testimony. Already in his childhood was perpetrated the cruel decapitation of Conradin, the last of the Hohenstaufen, which family had brought glory to the Holy Roman Empire. While yet in his boyhood days the ill-fated Crusade of Louis the Saint ended in such disastrous failure. He witnessed the fall of the last Christian possessions in Palestine; the shameless conduct of Philip the Fair towards the visible head of God's Church; such unjustly merciless scenes of bloodshed as the Sicilian Vespers; the persecution and suppression of the Templars; the laxity in the observance of their discipline into which many of the religious orders had fallen; the too frequent abuse of the spiritual power for the attainment of temporal aims; the violent disorders that were consuming Italy and the inability of the emperors to check them; the introduction and

rapid progress of so many new heresies; finally that baneful catastrophe, the "Babylonian captivity" of the Church, blighted the hopes of his declining age. To a man of sincere justice these, indeed, were times of sorrow; and this is the underlying principle that pervades his chief work.

But all was not thus; there was also a bright side to his earthly sojourn. During Dante's time the grandest triumphs of architecture were perfecting in Italy; painting had been gloriously advanced by masterhands; music was again raised to her proper position in the realm of arts. Wherever Dante turned his wandering steps, he found new life, a new spirit of progressiveness, the happy springtime of a new learning and culture. Manufacturing flourished; the waves of the sea were covered with Italian sails bearing away the native products and bringing hither those indigenous of the East and the traffic of the West. At Venice he met Marco Polo whom a passion for traveling and adventure had guided to all lands; at Rome he came in contact with the Christians of all nations, who during the year of the first jubilee assembled at the center of Christianity. Certainly all this brought joy to the poet's heart, and in his writings this also finds the fullest expression.

Dante was not the first author to gain recognition in Italy, but the first to merit the crown of immortality. Contemporary with him were Brunetto Latini, his teacher, Guido Guinicelli, Cino da Pistoia, Guido Cavalcante, his most beloved friend, and others who with no little success, used the then crude Italian as their vehicle of thought.

But to Dante, "Italy's Homer," was reserved the task of elevating the language to its fullness of perfection; out of a dialectic tongue to create the most musical, most sonorous language employed in the creation of a modern literature. The manner of this accomplishment can best be perceived from a study of the works which his genius has bequeathed to posterity. What Homer accomplished for the valorous Greeks, Virgil for the proud Latins, Shakespeare for the practical English, that Dante did for the imaginative Italian race, and in many respects with far more grace and dignity.

In the catalogue of Dante's works we meet with politico-philosophical and poetical productions. To the first class belong the *De Monarchia* and the *De Eloquentia Vulgari*. They are written in prose. They also are the only works he composed in the Latin medium, all the others are in an almost perfect Italian idiom.

In the *De Monarchia* he gives us a clear exposition of his political views and faith. The volume is divided into three books. In the first he endeavors to prove the necessity of monarchy (always meaning the Holy Roman Empire); that by a union of all political powers mankind could more easily attain to peace, prosperity and happiness; because in this manner all wars and rebellion would be averted; there would be but one supreme temporal ruler, and as his ambition would thus be satisfied, he would be more inclined to do equal justice to all. In the second, from the events of history and the accomplishments of the nations



he tries to show that the Roman Empire alone is justly entitled to this universal dominion. In the third, he strives to demonstrate that the Emperor and Pope stand on the same elevation, the one directing the temporal affairs, the other leading souls to eternal salvation.

This work well intended, but falsely interpreted, gave origin to the accusation that Dante by his writings stirred up politico-religious revolutions. However, from numerous passages of the work itself, it is evident that his pen was not guided by party-interests or hatred of papal dominion: it is the expression of sound convictions arrived at by the deductive force of correct logic and philosophical principles; for many of the most advanced opinions expressed therein are now recorded as true history. The last few lines of the work itself should alone be sufficient to free the statesman-poet's reputation from the unwarranted charge:

“*Enucleata est veritas illius ultimae quaestionis, qua quaerebatur, an Monarchiae auctoritas a Deo vel ab alio dependeret immediate. Quae quidem veritas ultimae quaestionis non sic stricte recipienda est, ut Romanus princeps in aliquo Romano Pontifici non subjaceat, cum mortalis illa felicitas quodammodo ad immortalem felicitatem ordinetur. Illa igitur reverentia Caesar utatur ad Petrum, qua primogenitus filius debet uti ad Patrem, ut luce paternae gratiae illustratus, virtuosius orbem terrae irradiet.*”

His other Latin prose work is the “*De Vulgari Eloquentia sive Idiomate.*” As the title implies, it is

a guide for the correct use of the Italian language, which was then in the throes of grammatical and syntactical formation. It is an unfinished work. Had the poet lived to complete it, the grammarian would have been less in evidence than the prosodist. In the first part he depicts the advantages of the Italian idiom over all others. In the second he characterizes the new forms of the poetry and treats the canzone specifically. The objects of the third and fourth parts would have been the ballad and sonnet. In short, this composition would have been the theoretical exemplification of what he has shown most practically in his poetical works.

The most noteworthy prose work in the Italian we possess from his pen is the "Convito," so called from its figurative introduction, in which he makes it his task to serve intellectual food to his neighbors. Though unfinished, it is the most extensive of his prose productions. It was the poet's intention to interpret fourteen of his canzones *literaliter* and *spiritualiter*, only four of which were completed. Throughout it is the expression of his youthful love changed into a disinterested love for wisdom, and primarily for philosophy.

Sonnets, canzones, ballads, sestinas, constitute his early writings. They treat of love, moral and philosophical subjects: their prime worth consists therein that they prove Dante to have been a melodious lyric poet, had more of his energy been expended on that species.

Had Dante only written his prose works and these minor poems, his fame would have been more

short-lived than his membership in the priorate. His later poetical compositions are the adamantean basis of his immortality; these, at the same time, are most characteristically autobiographical. The first on the list is the "Vita Nouva." This is a compilation of lyrics in which he celebrates his early love for Beatrice; how she was so faithful and kind to him; how through worldliness he lost her; then his resolution and difficulties to find her again. Hereby he must have understood a Platonic love for wisdom; for neither history nor biography have left us any other inferences that can be justified. However, the waywardness and recklessness with which he plunged into his political career are well known; this was in need of redemption, the loss this conduct had entailed must be restored. The work was composed after 1291 and bears the marks of a literary tyro. That he himself was dissatisfied with the attempt is evident from his own action; for he vowed not again to speak of her till he would be able to do so in a more fitting manner. That he faithfully absolved this vow all readers of his grand epic will unhesitatingly declare.

Thus far we have seen Dante in his literary minority. Had he here ended his labors as litterateur, his position among the immortals would have been secured. Perhaps not so much on account of the intrinsic value of his compositions as for the stimulus his initiative gave to the rise of modern literature. Not only Italy, but all western Europe owes much of its literary grandeur to Dante's influence; and this supreme influence is



mainly found in the effects the publication of the *Divina Comedia* produced on the European scholars of that and the succeeding centuries. True, the renaissance of ancient pagan literature was at hand, but it alone would never have been the sufficient cause of the marvelous effects which we owe to the genius of the poet-patriot. "O happy banishment!" we might exclaim, for without it the *Divina Comedia* would, in all probability, never have graced the golden folios. How else could we conclude from the vehemence with which Dante, in his youthful ardor, threw himself into the political arena? It was a trivial political defeat, but an inestimably transcended literary victory. A crushed statesman, but an exalted poet! And who would not prefer the latter?

The original plan of this great work was conceived at an early age: when Dante vowed not again to speak of Beatrice until maturity had placed the seal of perfection on his labors. How often did not the embryonic ideas of this incomparable epic pass in review before the scrutinizing eyes of his genius! How many a sleepless night and weary day spent in meditative seclusion! This the work alone can tell, at least relatively. From that first day to the hour of its completion, it was his mind's endeavor to bring it to the fullness of perfection. Every reader thereof will declare to him this success, superior to every other poet, save Shakespeare alone in the representations of certain phases of human nature.

The object of Dante's writing was not pleasure, not for the sake of gold or fame; but to him it

was a labor of love, a task of duty, which he meant to fulfil most conscientiously. He had received from the Creator ten talents; this he knew, and return to his Creator-Judge he would not with less than twenty. What a noble incentive! Morality is the prime factor in the undulating walks of daily life. This, too, was Dante's chosen theme. Poetic beauties are here inseparably interwoven with the teachings of the moralist. As a moral poet he stands unequalled. Also the dogmatic doctrines of the Church he clothed with the silken garb of poetic refinement and imaginative beauties.

The unsearchable mystery of which Aeschylus gives a faint presentiment in *Prometheus*; which Shakespeare exposed in *Hamlet*; of which Goethe sought the solution through wisdom in *Faust*; Byron through sin in *Don Juan*; *Werther* through the sentimentalities of love — the antithesis of nothingness and immortality—this, too, is the leading subject and gives the prime motive to Dante's masterwork. His medium however was far different. By piety and virtue he leads the soul through sin, mortification, suffering and death, to the true abode of immortality—to the life of felicity beyond the grave, to the Creator's bosom. And if ever a poet attained to his premeditated end, it is Dante in the *Divina Comedia*.

TO BE CONTINUED.

---

## CANDLEMAS.

“Diffusa est gratia in labiis tuis.”

Hail, Virgin Queen,

Of spotless sheen!

Hail, Mother full of grace!

For grace upon thy lips is poured,

And in thy sinless bosom stored.

Oh, shed thy bright,

Heart-soothing light

Upon life's tangled ways.

Hail, full of grace!

To thee be praise

By angel-choirs above;

But we shall join their sacred bands:

We'll raise our hearts, our eyes, our hands

In grief and fears,

And bathed in tears

To thee, O Mother of love!

O Mother blest!

Upon thy breast

Thy children all recline.

O be thou praised with ev'ry breath,

And loved and cherished, till in death

We fade away.

Eternal day

Shall then upon our spirits shine.





# THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

PUBLISHED MONTHLY


DURING THE SCHOLASTIC YEAR

---

## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One year.....	1.00
Single copies.....	.10

---

 It is not the object of this paper to diffuse knowledge or to convey information of general interest. The ordinary college journal is not intended to be a literary magazine, but serves to reflect college work and college life. It is edited by the students in the interest of the students and of their parents and friends. Hence, the circle of subscribers for such papers is naturally very limited, and substantial encouragement is therefore respectfully solicited for the Collegian.

---

Entered at the Collegeville Post office as second class matter.

---

## THE STAFF.

EDMUND A. WILLS, '03, EDITOR.

ALEXIUS A. SCHUETTE, '03, EXCHANGE EDITOR.

## ASSOCIATE EDITORS:

CHAS. A. VANFLANDERN, '03. XAVIER J. JAEGER, '03.

REMIGIUS H. MONNIN, '03. EGON J. FLAIG, '03.

ALBERT A. MCGILL, '04. WILLIAM T. FLAHERTY, '04

JOSEPH A. BRAUN, '04. PAUL A. WELSH, '04.

IGNATIUS A. WAGNER, '04. FELIX F. DIDIER, '04.

---

## EDITORIALS.

---

It is with a feeling of deep regret that we here announce the removal of one of our beloved Professors, Rev. Chrysostom Hummer, who for the past six and a half years has taught History and and the Languages at St. Joseph's. He has been

appointed pastor of Precious Blood Church, Fort Wayne, Ind. During his stay at St. Joseph's, Father Chrysostom took great interest in the classes entrusted to his direction, and his manly character and priestly bearing were always greatly admired by both the Faculty and student body. All his friends at the College join *The Collegian* in wishing to our former Professor success and happiness in his new field of activity.

The recent announcement of statisticians that during the year 1902 more than 8000 person in the United States committed suicide has caused no end of comment from students of sociology. They all agree that something is radically wrong, and various opinions have been expressed as to the cause of this alarming growth of a tendency toward self-destruction. The facts show that we are gradually becoming more materialistic. We wreck the noblest faculties of soul and body to pass safely through the narrow and difficult portals of success. Everything is sacrificed for ambition and a favorable turn of fortune. This pace cannot be maintained. People will have to be satisfied with less of the goods of this world, for we have seen the results of such a course in the many suicides of the past and previous years. We will have to take defeats and disappointments as a natural condition of this life. Self-destruction shows a great want of confidence and dependence upon God. It proves clearly that such persons have not a proper appreciation of a future life, of their immortality. A regard for these is the only real star of hope a man has in this world. It is true

that the trials, hardships, and disappointments of life are many and severe, and they come upon some in a manner almost unbearable, but if we stop to consider that this life is only a preparation for the next, and that the more patiently we suffer here below the greater will be our reward above, then we cannot reasonably complain when a never-ending happiness costs us so little. This is the only true solution to this sociological problem, and students of sociology can devise all kinds of plans for checking this evil, they will never have much success, unless they instill into the hearts of men the fear of God and the hope of a future life.

We are in receipt of the following communication relative to the establishment of a society for the preservation of the Catholic faith among the Indians, which fully explains itself:

The undersigned Archbishops, Incorporators of the Catholic Indian Missions, are confronted by a momentous problem, which gives us much concern and anxiety.

Invited by the United States Government to establish schools among the Indians, and assured that the Government would provide support for these schools, the Church entered upon Indian educational work, full of hope and confidence. In twenty-five years no less than \$1,500,000 were expended in the erection and equipment of buildings. At one time as many as 3,600 children attended these schools.

In 1900 Government aid was entirely withdrawn, and since that date the condition of our missionary work among the Indians has been most critical. In fact, had it not been for the generosity of one devoted woman, we should have been compelled to bring our work to an abrupt and spiritually disastrous close.

As a result of this action on the part of the Government a number of schools were closed. In this condition they are



now; 1,600 children had to be sent away from these schools and the Christian influences that are inseparably associated with them!

We are now maintaining, under conditions most distressing at times, 25 schools with 2,000 children, at an annual expense of \$140,000.

The annual collection for the Indian and Negro Missions, taken up throughout the United States on the First Sunday in Lent, gives only a small portion of the amount needed for the Indian schools. We believe that the establishment of "The Society for the Preservation of the Faith among Indian Children" throughout the country will save our Indian Missions and schools, and place them on a basis of the most promising efficiency.

Especially since the Director of the Apostleship of Prayer has kindly allowed us to ask the members of the League of the Sacred Heart to assume the apostolate of preserving the faith in the hearts of Indians, do we see a most hopeful, even providential solution of our Catholic Indian School problem.

If every associate of the League will become a member of the Society, and contribute his twenty-five cents each year, not only our Indian Schools and Missions will be saved, but abandoned ones can be re-established and a new impetus given to a work, which, as Catholics, it is our duty to encourage and perpetuate.

We ask you in solicitude and confidence of heart to do what you consistently can to establish the Society for the Preservation of the Faith among Indian Children in your own field of activity, feeling assured that such an effort will redound to the spiritual consolation of your people, bring the favor of God on yourself, draw down many blessings on our country and save the souls of many of our poor Indians.

We hope that you will do your utmost to establish the Society, and we pray God may grant you and the faithful entrusted to you every blessing.

J. CARD. GIBBONS,

P. J. RYAN,  
Archbishop, Philadelphia.

JNO. M. FARLEY,  
Archbishop, New York.

There is little to be added to the above earnest appeal for aid from three distinguished prelates of the American Hierarchy. Certainly the cause is a worthy one, for no one is more deserving of help by the American people than the poor and often mal-treated Indian. It may here be stated that the United States Government acted very fickle on the Indian school question. The bishops of the country were solicited by the U. S. authorities to establish schools, promising to give them co-operation in a financial way. And now they refuse to give any further assistance, and if means are not secured from some other source, the inevitable result will be the loss of the Catholic faith and a more deplorable state of ignorance among these people. To preserve these missions and schools is the object of the above appeal for aid. Catholics are the people who are thus called upon to contribute a small sum for their maintenance, and surely few who consider well the cause they are thereby promoting can justly refuse to do something for the down-trodden Indian. If we have a proper appreciation of the priceless value of an immortal soul, we will be fully convinced that every effort should be made to secure for the Indians the blessings of the true faith and the benefits of at least a rudimentary education. Let there, then, be a generous response among our readers to this solicitation for the furtherance of a good cause, and we assure them that they will never have any regret for thus making possible the salvation of the Indian.



Some of the ablest journals on our table come from the state of New York. Another has recently been added to their number, the *Laurel*, a periodical which bids fair to rival its fellows. The December number is replete with solid matter. "Phases of Faith in Cuba's Capital" is one of the most thorough compositions we have noticed in our exchanges this year. Only a broad and fair mind could think its thoughts. Among the other articles, "A Plea for the Laborer" is of superior quality.

"Lady Macbeth" is the leading article of the *Abbey Student* in its December issue. Dissecting the vicious but masculine character of this awful female creation, the writer presents it to his readers by peace-meal. We think with the author that "it is impossible to conceive Lady Macbeth as physically beautiful," though the Exchange Editor of the *Agnetian Monthly* differs with him in this particular. With some very correct thoughts "Aids to Beneficial Reading" contains others, whose execution is, at least for the general reader, impracticable. "A Strange Adventure" is the *Student's* most successful attempt in this kind of fiction. We have always considered the periodical under consideration as belonging to the better number of our exchanges, and as such we still regard it.



Lately we accidentally stepped on the big toe of Gran'ma of Georgetown—thus our Exman last year delighted to call the Exchange Editor of *The Georgetown College Journal*. It must have been sore, for the venerable old machine ran down a terrible jargon of exclamations. Of course, no one believed the old lady's words, and we should have liked to object to some *factotious* ejaculations, but it was Gran'ma, and Gran'ma knows it all best. So Granny dear, you now consider that famous "essay at an exchange column" of the October COLLEGIAN "an essay on botany," which two months ago you designated as "a very thoughtful and very interesting and very fair" appreciation of the comparative "merits of the story and the essay?" O Meine Dame Gran'ma, thou jewel of consistency! "My Lady of the White Fan"—is that Meine Dame's ideal story for college magazines? Of course, Gran'ma knows it better, we suspect, but common sense tells us young folks that it would be much better to exchange blank sheets than such trash. And, Granny dear, would you please condescend to tell us why you don't like a "preponderance" of essays, otherwise we must conclude that you really do not know it yourself. Of course, Meine Dame Gran'ma may have her own way, old folks *are* liable to get funny sometimes.

The staff of the *Agnetican Monthly* has produced a very attractive number for January. Verse and prose, essay and story, exchange in pleasant variety. The biography of Mrs. Grant is too brief however, and hence a catalogue of names and dates rather than an interesting sketch of her life. "A

Noonday Mystery''rehearses an old weatherbeaten moral; but the story is well conducted excepting its conclusion, which is most unnatural, a fault that almost outweighs the merits of the story. The *Agnesian* has reason to congratulate itself on its Exchange-Editor. She is a clever writer and maintains a spicy column.

As a Christmas gift the *Fordham Monthly* offers its readers an entire issue of the story character. We think that *Fordham* has sent us better numbers than the one at hand. No story manifests much talent and skill in that direction. "Poetic License" as well as "Past and Present," are however well written descriptive compositions.

What has become of our old friend; *The Saint Mary's Chimes*? We have been missing the journal since October. A. A. Schuette, '03.

---

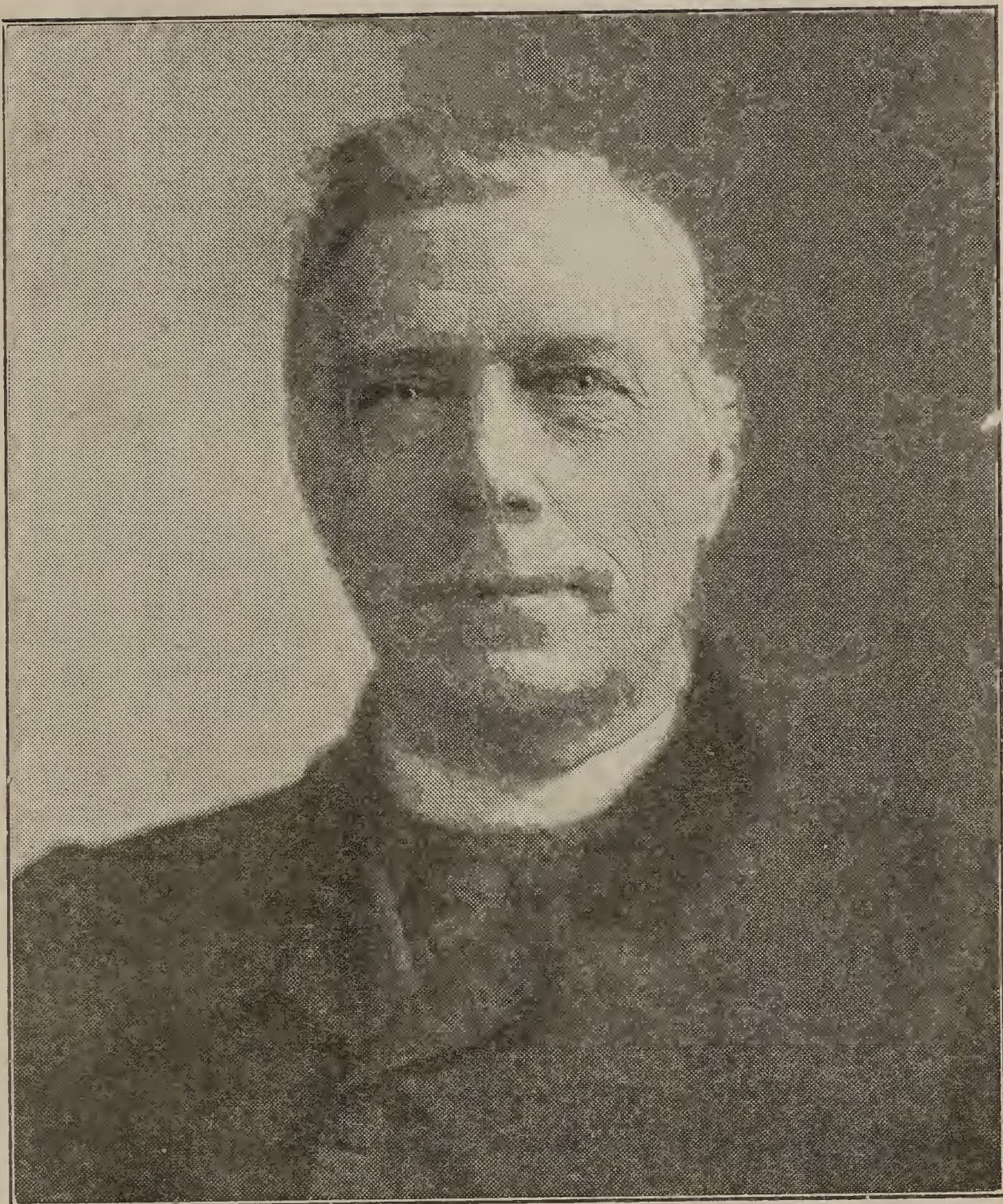
## OBITUARY.

### DEATH OF A NOBLE PRIEST.

Very Rev. A. B. Oechtering, pastor of St. Joseph's Church, Mishawaka, Ind., died Sunday, Dec. 28th, at the hospital in Ft. Wayne at the age of 65 years. His death was caused by a cancerous tumor. Father Oechtering was one of the oldest, ablest, and most prominent priests in the diocese of Ft. Wayne, and the loss to his parish is almost irreparable. In the demise of Dean Oechtering, St. Joseph's loses one of her truest friends and greatest benefactors. He was the students' retreat-master for three years, and those attending St. Joseph's at the time will never forget the many practical hints

and words of kindly admonition given them by this zealous pastor of souls. He also gave us some interesting and instructive lectures, and he donated the first gold medal ever awarded to a graduate of Alma Mater. In short, he was always solicitous for the welfare of St. Joseph's and left nothing undone that would further her progress. The life of the departed priest was one of great usefulness. He was an incessant and enthusiastic worker. To him inactivity would have been a burden. Duty was always uppermost in his mind. Father Oechtering's work was crowned with so much success that if we are acquainted with the poor condition of the parish and the many obstacles that beset his path from various sources when he took charge of St. Joseph's Church thirty-six years ago, and then note its prosperous state to-day, we must come to the inevitable conclusion that his accomplishments were little short of marvelous. The magnificent church, the splendid school house, and spacious rectory built under the management and supervision of the Very Rev. Dean will remain as a monument to the religious zeal, unconquerable energy, and superior executive ability of this self-sacrificing priest. But a far nobler and greater tribute to his greatness is found in the many true and devout Catholics belonging to his parish. One never attended services at St. Joseph's, Mishawaka, without being highly edified. Father Oechtering was a true follower of the Cross and an admirable disciple of Christ. His devotion to his congregation was unbounded. He took little thought of himself and was lost entirely in his work. Death, indeed,





Very Rev. A. B. Oechtering  
Late Pastor of Mishawaka, Ind.  
(Died December 28th, 1902.)

**R. I. P.**





found in him a shining light, and never were the words, "the world is better because of his having lived," more applicable than to Dean Oechtering. Peace unto his soul!

Rev. Charles A. Ganser, pastor of Kentland, Ind., departed this life on Wednesday, Dec. 10th, 1902, at the age of 45 years. Father Ganser had been in poor health for many years, and his death was no surprise to his many friends. He bore his sufferings with a patience and resignation characteristic of a true disciple of Christ. The departed priest had charge of the parish at Kentland for the past ten years, and during that time by his zealous and faithful labors for the welfare of his people, he so endeared himself with his parishioners that they refused to have him removed from their midst, saying that they were able and willing to give him as good care and attention as could be had anywhere. Father Ganser was a sincere friend and frequent visitor of St. Joseph's. He is well remembered here for having given a very successful retreat and interesting lecture to the students of Alma Mater. The final rites were conducted in the church at Kentland on Tuesday, Dec. 18th, being attended by the Rt. Rev. H. J. Alerding and a large number of priests of the Ft. Wayne diocese. The sermon for the occasion was preached by the Rev. John F. DeGroote, C.S.C., pastor of St. Patrick's Church, South Bend, Ind. R. I. P.

On Dec. 10th, at Carthagen, Ohio, Rev. Kilian Schill, C.P.P.S., succumbed to a long and lingering illness. The deceased was attacked by a stroke of paralysis on March 16th, 1901, while on his



way to Chicago, and after that never recovered the full use of his faculties. Father Kilian was 48 years old at the time of his death and had been priest for 20 years. He was a tireless worker and a man of scholarly attainments. He had great success as a professor at St. Charles' Seminary, Carthagen, Ohio, where he taught for a number of years. The departed priest was a warm admirer of students and took great interest in their welfare. Many a young man owes his success in his studies to the encouragement and enlightenment received from this versatile priest. Father Kilian was formerly Editor of the Messenger and Bot-schafter, and during the time he occupied this position, these journals maintained a very creditable standard. The deceased was a pulpit orator of no meanability and has held services in the great majority of Catholic churches in this diocese. The death of Father Kilian will be a cause of deep regret to all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance. May he rest in peace. E. A. W., '03.

---

### SOCIETY NOTES.

---

*C. L. S.* The Columbian Literary Society begun their regular meetings again on Sunday, Jan. 18th. Owing to the absence of the Secretary and Editor, the Society deemed it necessary to elect two members to fill these offices, and the following members were chosen. As Secretary, Mr. P. Welsh; as Editor, Mr. J. Jones. The President, Mr. E. Wills, invited our new professors Fathers

Arnold, Gerhard and Eulogius to attend the meeting, which the Fathers did with much pleasure. They livened the meeting with a few remarks concerning their former efforts in this kind of work and especially in behalf of the Columbian, and closed by lauding the present progress of the society. The society will begin their regular semi-monthly programs Feb. 8th.

*A. L. S.* When the Aloysians invite us to the Auditorium to attend their programs we always expect a literary treat. In this we were not disappointed when we gathered for the program of Dec. 19th. The following is the program as presented:—

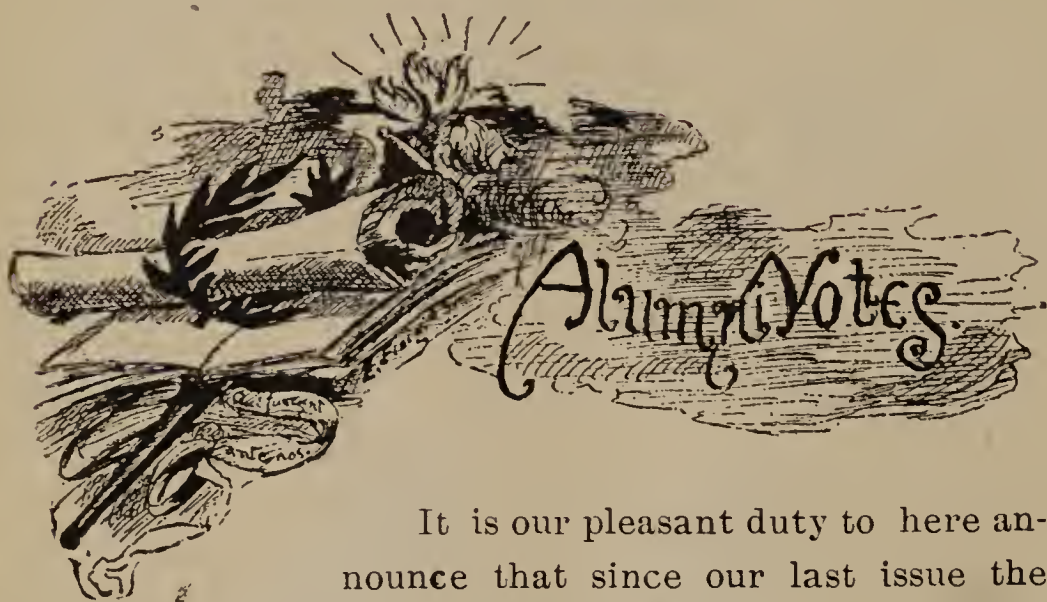
Music.....	Band.
“Annie and Willie’s Prayer” .....	J. Burke.
“Practical Talent” .....	E. Vurpillat.
“The Bible is the Best of Classics” .....	J. O’Donnell
Dialogue,.....	} P. Miller. } C. Sankot.
Aloysian Paper.....	R. Ottke.
Play, “The Wager of Gerald O’Rourke.	

Cast of Characters:

Gerald O’Rourke.....	E. Howe.
Mr. O. Rourke.....	E. Vurpillat.
Mr. McMann,.....	J. Costello.
Maurice Desmond,.....	R. Beck.
Henry Bush.....	V. Gleason.
Freddie Bush.....	M. Lang.
Eddie Bush.....	J. Meyer.
Mr. Bush.....	F. Gribba.
Band.....	“King over All”.

The play is based on Father Finn’s story, “The Wager of Gerald O’Rourke”, and the plot is well sustained in the play, retaining its Christmas charm throughout. The play was well imperson-

ated. The title role was filled by Mr. E. Howe who did full justice to his part. The character of Mr. Bush upon whose conversion the plot of the play rests was well acted by Mr. Gribba, and the Aloysians did well in trusting this part to him. The play itself is entertaining, and to the Aloysians' masterly presentation we are indebted for the evening's enjoyment. I. A. W., '04.



It is our pleasant duty to here announce that since our last issue the twelve newly ordained priests of the C. PP. S. have all had the happiness to celebrate their First Holy Mass. THE COLLEGIAN congratulates these Rev. Alumni on the fruition of their hopes, and wishes them a long and happy life in the vineyard of the Lord.

The following are the names of those that celebrated their First Holy Mass and the clergy who assisted them in the solemn services:

Rev. Julian Meyer celebrated his first Holy Mass, at St. Aloysius Church, Carthagen, O., on Dec. 18, '02. Rev. G. Jussel, the pastor, assisted as arch-priest, Rev. E. Deininger, as deacon, Rev. F. Ersing, as sub-deacon, and Rev. D. Brackman, as master of ceremonies. The sermon was delivered by Rev. Paulinus Trost, professor at St. Charles' Seminary. The Rev. Celebrant had the rare pleasure of having present in the sanctuary all his classmates.



Rev. Didacus Brackman celebrated his first Holy Mass, at Cassella, O., Dec. 21, '02, assisted by Rev. C. Romer, the pastor, as arch.priest, Rev. T. Brackman, as deacon, Rev. G. Hartgens, as sub-deacon, and Mr. P. Kanney, of St. Charles' Seminary, as master of ceremonies. The sermon was preached by Very Rev. Boniface Russ, Provincial. C. PP. S.

Rev. Theobald S. Reitz celebrated his first Holy Mass at Holy Trinity Church, New Corydon, Ind., on Dec., 23rd, 1902. Rev. G. Jussel, Carthagen, O., was arch-priest, Rev. Arnold Weyman, deacon, Rev. Nicholas Welsh, of St. Joseph's College, subdeacon, and Rev. J. Heffner, the pastor, master of ceremonies. Rev. I. Rauh, of Philothea, delivered the sermon.

Rev. Simon W. Kuhnmuench celebrated his first Holy Mass on Dec. 23rd, '02, at the Convent Chapel at Maria Stein, O. He was assisted by Rev. Eugene Grimm, of St. Joseph's College, as arch.priest, Rev. G. Weber, Leipsic, O., as deacon, Rev. F. Ersing, as subdeacon, and Rev. D. Schunk, St. Henry, O., as master of ceremonies. The sermon was preached by Rev. Andrew Gietl, of Ottawa, O.

Rev. Arnold F. Weyman celebrated his first Holy Mass on Christmas, '02 at St. Peter's and Paul's Church, Reading, O. The following assisted: Rev. C. Wiederholt, the pastor, was arch-priest, Rev. G. Jussel, Carthagen, O., deacon, Rev. F. Roth, subdeacon, and Rev. H. Santen, master of ceremonies. Rev. Clement Schuette, of St. Joseph's College, delivered the sermon.

Rev. Linus Stahl celebrated his first Holy Mass on Christmas '02, at Hicksville, N. Y. No further particulars were obtainable.

Rev. Eulogius P. Deininger celebrated his first Holy Mass on Dec. 25, '02, at Winamac, Ind., assisted by Rev. L. Linder, the pastor, as archpriest, Rev. J. Mayer, as deacon, Mr. E. Flaig, of St. Joseph's College, as subdeacon, and Mr. Ed. Vurpillat, of Winamac, Ind., as master of ceremonies. Rev. L. Linder preached the sermon.

Rev. Faustin Ersing celebrated his first Holy Mass on Christmas '02, at St. Henry, O. Assistants were: arch-

priest, Rev. J. Heitz, Burkettsville, O., deacon, Rev. Eugene Grimm, St. Joseph's College, subdeacon, Mr. Theodore Saurer, St. Charles' Seminary, Carthagen, O.; master of ceremonies, Very Rev. Henry Drees, Maria Stein, O. The sermon was delivered by Rev. Eugene Grimm.

Rev. Vigilius H. Krull celebrated his first Holy Mass on Dec. 25th '02, at St. Mary's Church, Dayton, O., assisted by Rev. H. Schuer, as deacon, and Mr. F. J. Kuenle, '99, of Mt. St. Mary's Seminary of the West, Cincinnati, O., as subdeacon. Rev. H. Schuer preached the sermon.

Rev. Vincent F. Muinch celebrated his first Holy Mass at Mishawaka, Ind., on Christmas, '02, at St. Joseph's Church. He was assisted by Rev. Paulinus Trost, of Carthagen, O., as arch-priest, Rev. B. F. Bessinger, Prefect of Discipline, St. Joseph's College, as deacon, Mr. A. Lennartz, of Notre Dame, Ind., as subdeacon, and Mr. Henry Hoerstman '03, St. Francis' Seminary, Milwaukee, Wis., as master of ceremonies. The sermon was delivered by Rev. P. Trost.

Rev. Theodosius H. Brackman celebrated his first Holy Mass at the Convent Chapel, Cassella, O., Dec. 26, '02. Rev. Eugene Grimm, St. Joseph's College, was arch-priest, Rev. Faustin Ersing subdeacon, and Very Rev. Henry Drees, Maria Stein, O., master of ceremonies. Rev. A. Dick, of Sebastian, O., preached the sermon.

Rev. Gerhard F. Hartgens celebrated his first Holy Mass at Sacred Heart Church, Sedalia, Mo., on Christmas '02. Rev. Stanislas Neiberg, the pastor, assisted as arch-priest, Rev. Christian Daniel, as deacon, and Rev. J. Heckler, as subdeacon. Rev. Stanislas Neiberg delivered the sermon.

#### APPOINTMENTS.

Revs. Arnold F. Weyman, Gerhard F. Hartgens, and Eulogius P. Deininger have been appointed Professors at St. Joseph's College. THE COLLEGIAN welcomes them back to their former scenes of activity.

Revs. Simon Kuhnmuensch, Faustin Ersing, and Julian Mayer are now stationed at the Precious Blood Mission House, Ft. Wayne, Ind.

Rev. Vincent F. Muinch is assistant to Rev. Stanislas Neiberg, at Sacred Heart Church, Sedalia, Mo.

Rev. Didacus A. Brackman is Professor at St. Charles' Seminary, Carthagen, Ohio.

Rev. Theodosius Brackman is assistant at Immaculate Conception Church, Celina, O.

Rev. Theobald Reitz has been appointed pro tem. to assist at St. Francis, O.

Rev. Linus Stahl is stationed at McCartyville, O.

Rev. Vigilus H. Krull will assist in the publication of the Messenger and Botschafter at the Indian School, Collegeville, Ind.

#### NOTES.

Rev. Jerome Ueber, '96, of St. Wendelin, O., has resumed charge of his parish, after having been sick in the hospital for two months with a severe attack of typhoid fever.

Mr. Henry Hoerstman of the class '03, is now pursuing his studies in Philosophy at Mt. St. Mary's Seminary of the West, Cincinnati, O.

We are indebted for the greater part of this information to an esteemed Alumnus at St. Charles' Seminary, Carthagen, O.

Through an oversight we neglected to mention the name of Rev. Didacus A. Brackman in the Christmas number of THE COLLEGIAN as one of the seminarians ordained by Rt. Rev. Bishop Moeller on Dec. 17th, 1902. E. A. W.

---

#### PERSONALS.

---

The following were guests at the College during the month:

Rev. G. Hoerstman, Reynolds, Ind.; Rev. J. Berg, Remington, Ind.; Rev. J. Seimetz, Peru, Ind.; Rev. L. Linder, C. PP. S., Winamac, Ind.; Very Rev. J. H. Oechtering, Ft. Wayne, Ind.; Mr. John Olberding, Dyersville, Iowa; Mr. Weber, Laporte, Ind. Mrs. Conrath, Hammond, Ind.





Skating has been the principal amusement during the winter months, and some good games of hockey have been witnessed on our lake. But even that like everything else has had its swing and all are now anxiously awaiting the opening of the base-ball season.

The representative team has been reorganized, and at a meeting held Jan. 12th, Wm. Flaherty was elected Manager and C. Myers Captain of the team. The new candidates for the vacant positions on the team are showing up well, and a lively competition for the places exists. The absence of VanFlandern left us in a somewhat bad condition with regard to pitching, yet with good training Didier will put up a good game in the box, while Myers is an old hand with the big mitt, and fills the position of catcher admirably.

Braun and Welsh did excellent work on second and third last year, and most likely they will hold these bags again. Halpin is the most probable candidate for the initial base. Sibold shows up strongly for short as does Wachendorfer for field. Koenig, Jones, Shea and Grobmyer are the other aspirants for field positions, and all are capable of filling this place satisfactorily, yet one must be

chosen, but who it will be it is too early as yet to tell, however the best will be taken. Such will be the team that will represent St. Joseph's on the diamond this year, and great are the expectations that are held by its admirers. The prospects are the brightest and the conditions are favorable, so with great hopes will we battle for our Alma Mater. But one requisite is necessary before all, and that is good, solid practice. To a base-ball team practice is everything, the players should ever remember the old adage that practice makes perfect, and perfection means the much coveted success. So enter into the game with such heartiness and vim that at the end of the season will wave proudly and majestically untarnished by a single defeat the old purple and crimson.

Our second team, the Victors, have reorganized and have elected, E. J. Cook, Manager, and J. A. Sullivan, Captain. Last year the Victors certainly gained an enviable reputation by their good playing, and it is safe to predict that this year will be a banner year for the Junior team.

W. T. F., '04.





“Oh those feet!”

You will tie night shirts, Mac!

How is your stomach trouble, Ben?

Albert to Richard:—“Gat away derre!”

Paul Carlos says he is a natural born joker.

Albert says: “This cap fits alright, but the number is too big.”

Ipecac and castor oil, a cascaret and a pill, give in hourly doses to Mac McGill.

Too late for “giggers” cries the prefect as he grabs O'Donnell by the nape of the neck.

From henceforth all partnerships will be declared null and void. (Signed) Prefect.

P. Peifer hearing of the sleigh ride for Jan. 31, exclaimed, “Oh, dat vill be nice, don't it!”

Cook and Irish have sworn off smoking. Take heed all ye godly people and prepare for the Last Judgment.

Professor—“What were the effects produced by Eve eating the apple.” Gloomy Gus—“A serpent sitting in the tree.”

Collegetown is blessed with a good number of barbers. We have No. 3 now since September in the person of Freiburger.



We are afraid a number of our fellow students will fall into the clutches of the law, for they do not heed the decree of Jan. 12.

Joseph Wiese and George Rupert of Reynolds have been enrolled among the students of St. Aquino Hall since Christmas.

John Diemert, who was unable to return last September on account of sickness, is now with us having returned after the Christmas holidays.

Our friend, J. Jones, has been elected to the office of Editor in the C. L. S. We are expecting a rare treat Feb. 22nd, as Mr. Jones is a born wit.

After O'Connor had purchased a postal he asked Costello for a stamp, stating that he wanted to be sure that that the postal would reach its destination.

Mike Bodine believes in taking an evaporated steam bath. He says, "Just imagine the steam is turned on and it will do you more good than if it really is."

Raymond has finally come to the conclusion that paris-green mixed with rat poison may kill potato bugs, but that such a compound is not liable to cure the grip.

Messrs. John Weber, of Laporte, Ind., and Nicholas Allgeier, of Ft. Wayne, Ind., have been enrolled as students of St. Joseph's since the opening of the second term.

J. Sullivan. "Say Mike, don't you think that those blame locals smell of the sick room?" Mike. "Well I should say, Frenchy had the cramps in his stomach, when he wrote them."

Rogue has come to the conclusion that he will have to get a few more to join his "reforming gang." He has a few in sight, but is rather shy in asking them. Can you guess who they are?

"I always write poetry with shoes off", said Xavier, the poet laureate of Collegeville, in an interview which he just had with himself, "and that's what lends such a fragrance to all my poems".

A most frightful occurrence took place here a few days ago. Andy Sutter was playing a beautiful waltz(?) on the organ (by the way Andy is just a beginner) while Dahlinghaus and Meiering were swinging to the gentle cadence.

A terrible hurricane passed through this vicinity a few days ago. One of the most embarrassing accidents caused by it was the lodging of the nest of Bryan and Muhler on the gas pipe in the fourth class-room.

Vic, who is very proficient in Rhetoric and the English language generally, was in doubt the other day about an expression he wished to use to convey the meaning that a man had been kicked by a horse, and died unable to survive the shock. He finally wrote down this elegant expression—"He met his death at the hands of a horse!"

Wednesday morning, Jan. 28th, solemn high mass was said for the repose of the soul of the late Very Rev. A. B. Oechtering. It was the observance of the month's mind. Rev. Clement Schuette was celebrant, Rev. August Seifert deacon, Rev. Eugene Grimm subdeacon, and Rev. Lucas Rath master of ceremonies.

Muhler—"If the deluge was universal, how did kangaroos get to Australia?"

Professor—"You can't figure that out yet; you must wait until you get Pythagoras in trigonometry."

Terence wishes to apologize to Matthew for having said that the latter sang like a shingle-mill. He meant to say that he only sang thus when his upper register was closed. The local editor warns him against committing such mistakes in future.

Our esteemed friend, Ben Quell, received a very distressing letter the other day. It read something like this: "Come home at once. Can't bear the agony of being without you any longer.—Nellie." We are sorry to say Ben is going to the dogs fast. The old, old story—a woman.

P. Peiffer with three cents in his pocket went to buy apples. Having stowed a good number in his pockets, he inquired what they would cost him. Bro. Victor replied, "Five cents a piece." Pete with a mournful look rolled them out and said, "I guess you'd better give me half of one."

Ben is deeply absorbed in a book which he is preparing for the public, and declares that it will benefit them greatly. It is a treatise on "How to pick your choppers with a toothpick not exceeding six inches in length." It is supplied with an abundance of notes and numerous illustrations from life, which will not fail to interest everyone. It will be delivered in shawl straps.

**Boys, Patronize Our Advertisers.**



## HONORARY MENTION.

The names of those students that have made 95-100 per cent in conduct and application during the last month appear in the first paragraph. The second paragraph contains the names of those that reached 90-95 per cent.

### 95-100 PER CENT.

E. Wills, A. McGill, J. Braun, P. Welsh, H. Muhler, E. Lonsway, E. Cook, J. Steinbrunner, B. Quell, R. Halpin, B. Wellman, J. A. Sullivan, L. Monahan, T. Quinlan, J. Diemert, E. Pryor, M. O'Connor, M. Bodine, M. Schumacher, C. Daniel, W. Meiering, H. Dahlinghaus, W. Lieser, J. Lang, N. Keller, J. Schmitt, E. Freiburger, J. McCarthy, C. Fischer, E. Grimme, F. Gribba, C. Boeke, D. Fitzgerald, F. Schmitz, J. Sullivan, E. Barnard, W. Hoffman, W. Rieman, J. Costello, B. Schmitz, A. Sutter, J. Lieser, J. Ramp, R. Beck, P. Wiese, J. Weber, N. Allgeier.

### 90-95 PER CENT.

W. Flaherty, V. Sibold, M. Shea, J. Notheis, P. Carlos, C. Myers, J. Bryan, P. Thom, E. Vurpillat, A. Birkmeier, M. Lang, P. Peiffer, G. Meier, P. Miller, L. Bergman, J. Saccone, T. Saccone, P. Caesar, J. Grobmyer, T. Ruppert.

## CLASS WORK.

### AVERAGE OF THREE MONTHS.

#### 90-100 PER CENT.

E. Wills, R. Monin, A. Schuette, E. Flaig, J. Wagner, R. Halpin, J. Steinbrunner, M. Bodine, F. Wachendorfer, M. Ehleringer, L. Monahan, B. Wellman, E. Pryor, M. O'Connor, O. Knapke, C. Frericks, C. Fischer, C. Daniel, I. Collins, O. Hentges, H. Grube, F. May, I. Weis, F. Kocks, A. Linneman, R. Beck, P. Peiffer, E. Olberding, A. Scherrieb, P. Wiese, D. Rada, P. Bodemiller, B. Condon, L. Burrows, W. Meiering, J. Notheis, J. Grobmyer, C. Sankot.

#### 84-90 PER CENT.

B. Holler, X. Jaeger, L. Huber, W. Flaherty, P. Welsh, A. Koenig, C. Grube, F. Didier, A. Scheidler, R. Schwieterman, V. Meagher, J. Becker, R. Rath, M. Helmig, J. McCarthy, E. Freiburger, E. Vurpillat, C. Boeke, F. Gribba, D. Fitzgerald, A. Delaney, C. Kloeters, J. Costello, W. Hoffman, E. Howe, M. Lang, W. Rieman, F. Coyne, M. Schumacher, W. Lieser, H. Dahlinghaus, J. Lieser, A. Sutter, B. Schmitz, C. Myers, R. Ottke, J. Sullivan, L. Bergman, P. Miller, J. Saccone, J. Burke.